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Yours sincerely
Mary L. Taylor.

ECHOES FROM GIRLHOOD

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

MARY L. TAYLOR

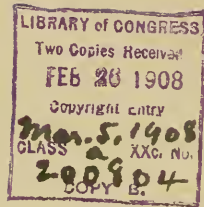
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TO MY PARENTS
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY
Dedicated

PREFACE.

THE Poems herewith presented are a few culled from a collection, many of which were written in early girlhood. When a child I was encouraged by fond parents; my father called me his noble daughter, a title I have endeavored to deserve through life. My mother took a special interest in my writings, even now I think I see her eyes light up with admiration when I would enter her presence, blushing, to read some new thought, never to be chided, but always encouraged by word, look or smile. It may interest my readers to know that my first poem was written at the early age of eleven years.

When I married a cruel fate was in store for me, that of losing God's best gift to mortals, my health. I had thought of disappointment, I had thought of lack of wealth, but never had it occurred to me that I might be deprived of my health. With my nimble fingers, active brain, and abundance of will-power, I never thought any task too difficult to undertake, and when once begun it must be accomplished. What others had done, why not I? was always the motto of my life; but without health, alas, one's ambition is indeed torture.

Kind reader, if you have ever suffered the horrors of surgical operations, which left you worse instead of better, then perhaps you may know a tithe of what failure means to an ambitious mind. The child at whose advent I lost my health, and did not regain even through surgical operations, loves to read my verse, and shows

talent in writing short tales. She is now a beautiful girl, and I hope may never lose her health, which is her birthright,

Death took away my dear mother January 26, 1902, which was the severest blow my heart had ever known, for to my mother, through girlhood and married life, I had been a faithful daughter, nurse, and confidant till death us did part. My dear father, R. M. Peare, one of Chicago's old residents, survives my mother.

To those who are acquainted with me, this brief recital will awaken memories and old time interest; and it is for those dear friends whose esteem I have held from childhood, that I especially publish this book of poems, knowing that when I am sleeping my last, long sleep, there will be loving hearts to cherish them for the sake of the writer, and to be remembered, even for a brief span of time, how beautiful; to feel confident that here and there in this great world my efforts have not been in vain, to have knowledge that those who know me best will say "These are the poems of a schoolmate, confidant and friend, one whose heart was as true as steel." Ah, dear friends of gone-by days, and to those who still cheer me on my way, if it were only for your love and esteem, the efforts of my life have been repaid.

Read the poems which here are written,
Poems of thought so pure and good,
Ponder then that they are echoes
From the days of girlhood.

THE AUTHOR.

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ECHOES FROM GIRLHOOD.

I AM listening to the echoes
From the days of long ago,
Where the silvery crested wavelets
Of time waft to and fro;
And the sounds that come to greet me,
Murmur ever true and good,
And I love to hear the echoes
From the days of girlhood.

Often in the years departed,
Of the future I would dream,
And endeavor that my life-work
Must of joy and beauty gleam.
I have lived for God and duty—
Tried to do as Jesus would,
Sought the golden rule to follow,
From the days of girlhood.

And the friends of school-days' morning
Often linger at my side;
'Tis a blessed satisfaction
In their memories to bide.
Oh the joy that comes with knowing
You have done the best you could,
And to hear the echoes ringing
From the days of girlhood.

PASSING AWAY.

ANOTHER week has flown away,
Whose deeds are gone forever;
Another Sabbath day has come,
Our thoughts from earth to sever.

Another week of toil and strife,
Of mingled joy and pain;
Another gallant victory fought,
Our heavenly home to gain.

Another week nearer the grave—
Our final resting place;
Another week of right and wrong,
Our characters to grace.

Another week, oh ponder it,
How weeks and years speed on;
And woven in the warp of time
Our deeds, forever gone,

To meet us at the judgment seat,
Before the heavenly throne;
When death has come and conquered life,
And Christ to claim His own.

Passing away, upon our foreheads
Is written by His hand,
Then let us live to meet the King,
In the far-off glory land.

MARY AND MARTHA.

"Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke x, 41.

SITTING at the feet of Jesus,
In the days of long ago,
Asking of the Lord such questions
As we fain would seek to know.

Praying, musing and caressing,
Kneeling low beside His feet;
Pouring on His head rich spices,
Which to Him wrought odors sweet.

Busy, active, working Martha,
Seeking ever for to be
Ready for the Master's service,
Yielding not to reverie.

Seeking for to do Him good,
Striving for to do His will,
Worshiping with fervor lowly,
Which His very soul did thrill.

Gentle Mary, active Martha,
Actors on the stage of life,
Both a brilliant web have woven
Mid the din of earthly strife.

One might pray, the other work,
One might muse, the other do;
Both have met at heaven's portals,
With their records bright and true.

PRAYER FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD

Assassinated July 2, 1881. Died September 19, 1881.

TO-DAY the nation's heart is sad,
All souls send up one plea,
'Tis murmured in the inland homes,
It echoes o'er the sea;
While christians lift their hearts to God,
With eager souls intent,
And breathe one solemn, fervent prayer :
God spare our President.

Yes, spare our noble President,
Tho' suffering day by day,
Yet Lord, we beg Thee not to take
His worthy life away;
But spare him for the nation's sake,
His life is in Thy hand,
And let this great Republic still
In love and union stand.

Thou sawest the villian's hand inflict
The wound that laid him low—
Looked on the deed, did it permit,
For reasons none may know.
Perhaps there is some purpose grand
Behind the darkened cloud,
Which seems the nation to enshrine
As with a mighty shroud.

And now with patience he awaits
These words ; Prepare to die,
(O Saviour, lift the curtain drawn,
And show the brighter sky),
Doth not his enemy revile,
But battles with the strife,
O Lord, we ask Thee now to spare
The nation such a life.

God spare our noble President,
Remove the clinging vine,
Whose deathlike tendrils day by day
Seem round him to entwine,
And darken like a thunder storm
His life which hangs between,
But grant, O Lord, the sky beyond
May bright be, and serene.

God spare our noble President !
This one united prayer
Is wafted on the morning breeze,
And on the midnight air.
The nation craves his life, O Lord,
And e'en from shore to shore,
The strain in pity is caught up
And murmured o'er and o'er.

God spare our noble President!
Oh may this earnest plea,
From mortal lips be upward borne
Through heaven's gates to Thee,

Thou Lord and Saviour, who hast passed
Through earthly scenes of strife,
Look down from Paradise and spare
The nation such a life.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT.

SEEK not to do what others do,
Nor strive to gain their praise,
Nor wonder what they'll hap to say,
And thus regard their ways.

Oh, be not pondering, as you go,
Opinions all around,
Nor thinking what some one will say,
Who has upon you frowned.

First seek to find, and know the right,
Then make that path your own,
And perfect pleasure on your life
And pathway will be shown.

Then choose the right, because 'tis right,
And nobly do the work you choose,
And you will have no vain regrets,
By doing right, you never lose.

THE POWER OF THE LORD.

WHERE'ER we roam through earth's expanse,
By water or by land,
We feel and witness everywhere
The Lord's almighty hand.
No flower that grows, nor grass that waves,
Beneath the summer sky
But owes their happy state below
To God who reigns on high.

Oh yes, His power is wonderful,
And mortals should adore
The one Creator, Lord of all,
Who rules the world o'er.
And in His strange and mighty ways,
Doth show before our eyes
The glory of His power and might,
And prove Himself all-wise.

You see it in the violet
That lifts its tiny head,
And to the God of nature, doth
Its happy fragrance spread.
We hear it in the little birds
Who warble songs of glee,
Which by the gracious Lord are given
Their power of melody.

Yes, from the smallest insect, that
Upon the earth doth creep,
Up to the largest, fiercest bear,
Which in his den may sleep.
The Lord our God hath made them all,
And doeth all things well,
And we, His noblest better race
Should loud His praises swell.

GIRLHOOD.

O LITTLE shrine of magic thought,
Thou beacon ever bright,
What is the sweet bewitchery,
The radiant delight;
The charms which dwell within thy name,
The tranquil and the good—
And yet thou too hath but a time,
Thou shining light of girlhood.

Thine are the moments free from care,
Free from guile and crafty thought;
And if the soul be good and pure,
They are with wisdom's virtue fraught.
Improve the moments while you may,
Plant the seed you hope to reap,
And which will blossom bright and fair,
When memory in her alcoves sleep.

HOSPITAL WORKERS.

IN the calm of the beautiful summer,
When the world is looking its best,
When birds and brooks seem to murmur,
And beckon all nature to rest.

When the sunshine fair seems to call us
Away from the sorrow and pain,
To forget that some mortal is longing
A word of compassion to gain.

In the hospital wards they are waiting,
And wishing a voice for to hear,
To comfort their poor, aching bodies,
And bring to their weary hearts, cheer.

God bless the few who are thoughtful,
Whose footsteps in duty's path go
To the city of sorrow and suff'ring,
To lighten their burden of woe.

For while the poor body they comfort,
They tell of the mighty to save,
And the home in the land everlasting,
Which lieth beyond the grave;

Where sorrow by death is vanquished,
And the lonliest life grows bright,
In the joy that lasts forever,
And the day that knows no night.

Then on with the good work, ye faithful,
The Saviour will reckon the cost;
Whatever we do in His service
Is never forgotten or lost.

LIFE.

WE live in deeds, both small and great,
In actions wrought with love,
As emblematic of the life
Which we shall live above.

We live in thoughts, not fleeting breath,
In feeling for each other;
We mould our characters by acts,
By thoughts one for another.

Life is a great and tragic stage,
Upon which mortals play,
And wield the sceptres of their might,
For fortune or dismay.

Life is a web in which we weave,
What fate doth fail to sever;
For woven in the warp of time,
Our deeds will last forever.

Upon the stage of life, let each
Then play a noble part;
And make the golden warp of time
The index of their art.

MY EPITAPH.

I, WISTFULLY thinking, one day,
Was sitting alone in the gloom,
And wondering what epitaph
I'd have them inscribe on my tomb.

Wondering when life is over,
My life-record finished and done;
What memory shall I have wrought,
What fame for my earth, mission won.

Then arose a sudden ambition,
A hope for the just and the good,
And I said they shall write on my tombstone,
The words "She hath done what she could."

So I ask, every morning, the Saviour
To give me His hand, and to guide,
And thank Him again in the evening,
For keeping me close by His side.

I ask not a nobler inscription,
I seek not for perishing fame;
I'm striving to follow the Saviour,
To gain in His sight a good name.

My barque to the haven I'm guiding,
With Jesus my captain, so true,
And I'll anchor at last in the harbor,
Where tempests can never beat through.

And when through the graveyard they're pass-
And wondering if I were good; [ing,
I trust they will read on my tombstone,
The words "She hath done what she could."

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

THIS world, 'tis said, we make ourselves,
I wonder if it's true;
For many a thing we might avoid,
If this we only knew.

The earth is beautiful, and good,
This is really true,
'Tis those who do upon it dwell
That rob it of its due.

'Tis by our deeds the world is made,
Actions of right and wrong;
O let the good outweigh the bad,
And onward be our song.

This world, with all its vain display,
Gives not of any worth;
Its gold and gems shall pass away,
As even so will earth.

Then higher let our standard rise,
Let our motto be "Prevail";
Looking upward to the skies,
And we'll surely never fail.

EASTER.

SUNLIGHT streams through open windows,
Glad hosannas fill the air,
And the heralds of the Springtime,
Seem to greet us everywhere,

'Tis the blessed Easter morning,
"He is risen," hear them sing;
Young and old have raised their voices
In a homage to their king.

Now the solemn lenten season
Blossoms into every hue;
Men and women, youth and maiden,
Robe themselves in garments new.

And as thus they deck the body,
Fairer robes we still may see;
Bought for us by Jesus' suff'ring
In the dark Gethsemane.

Robes that will not fade or perish,
Sunlight born for endless day;
Oh, the blessed home in heaven,
Moth nor rust can not decay.

Welcome then this Easter morning,
Changing sorrow into mirth;
Filling all our hearts with sunshine,
Shedding beauty o'er the earth.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE sun is sinking in the west,
The waning pulse beats low,
The shadows on the dial-plate
Are flitting to and fro.

The poor old year is dying, thus
Soft siren voices tell
What plainly in our hearts, and minds,
Doth at this moment dwell.

And what have we been weaving
Through months now fled away;
What records are we leaving,
For future years to say.

Wisdom is the golden thread,
Which woven into life,
Describes the mission we have wrought
When ends our earthly strife.

Truth is a wondrous monarchy,
The tension ever rife,
The helm which our acts doth guide
The dial-plate of life.

Virtue is the golden warp,
Around which all doth twine,
And wisdom, truth and virtue make
Our earthly sphere divine.

Oh, could the year be woven thus,
With actions so sublime,
What memories we might inscribe
Upon the sands of time.

Farewell, Old Year, thy triumphs now
Are ended like as thee;
Thy failures and thy victories
Ah, nevermore shall be.

Adieu, adieu, thine hour has come,
Thy fragile mission done,
And thou art fading from our sight
As doth the setting sun.

THE NEW YEAR.

O NEW YEAR, with thy golden dreams,
At last has come thy dawn,
Glittering like the bright sunbeams
That artist may have drawn.

Thy coming new desires doth bring
As new as thee, bright year,
Which through the memory bells doth ring
With thoughts of hope and cheer.

But there's no use of ever making
Resolutions good and true,
If our timid wills are waiting
What our neighbors round us do.

We must lay a firm foundation,
Built upon the rock most strong;
Not be shaken by temptation
In this world's busy throng.

The dead old year a story tells
Of sorrow or of joy,
Of deeds that chime like silver bells,
Or thoughts that may annoy.

So New Year, may we weave thee
With actions good and true,
And when thy autumn cometh,
May we bright records view.

Eighteen eighty-one we hail thee,
With spirits blithe and free;
And may we look on thee when past,
With tranquil reverie.

And when life's few years are ended,
For the end must come to all;
May they with deeds be blended,
Which will not need recall.

A GEM.

A LOOK, a sigh, a smile, a tear,
Their depth can not be told,
They speak far more than volumes do,
And heavier weigh than gold.

WHAT IS THIS WORLD?

WHAT is this world? a vale of tears
My mind doth oft repeat,
A sphere of mingled joy and pain,
Anon a bitter sweet.
A vapor that will pass away,
And we frail creatures too
Will vanish when our time comes round,
As doth the morning dew.

What is this world, with all its joys,
Which last but for a spell,
Then flee away with footsteps quick,
In other hearts to dwell.
To-day our hearts are lit with joy,
As by a beaming light,
To-morrow and it all has fled
Beyond our reach and sight.

What is this world? a haze of dreams
Oft never realized,
Which comes with disappointments shroud,
When time is sacrificed;
And enshrine the weary traveler,
On his journey to the skies,
With a haze of dark misgivings,
Which bedims his mortal eyes.

What is this world? but why thus ask
Ourselves this question o'er,
When we behold its wide expanse
No need to seek for more;
But hope when life's career is o'er,
A fairer world to see,
Where earth's defects shall ne'er appear,
In immortality.

THREE VERBS.

To do: this is our province here,
Upon the stage of life;
To work and play our part aright,
Through all earth's scenes of strife.

To be: yes, truly we exist,
Each day a web we weave,
Which will our life-work records tell,
When fleeting earth we leave.

To suffer: oh, how many wrongs
We often suffer here,
By false hearts, and untrue friends,
Who fair to us appear.

To do, to be, and to suffer;
Three verbs describing life—
For we must do, and be, and suffer,
Till ends our earthly strife.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT.

'Twas evening, and the day had flown
With all its happy thought,
And the offerings, small and great,
Had satisfaction brought.
The presents thus in kindness given,
From each loving heart,
Touched the tend'rest cords of love
As by some magic art.

'Twas evening, yet I lingered,
Bound by some mystic spell,
Which I have not yet defined,
Perhaps I cannot tell.
The years of life are wafting on,
Memory's alcoves bear
The brief, frail years, which speeding by,
Make up their mighty share.

'Twas evening, yet I tarried,
Although the day had fled,
And with it, though I scarce perceived,
My pleasant day-dream sped.
But listen to the message borne
To me this sunny day,
Which bids me think, Where shall I be
When this year flies away.

'Twas evening, but I fain would say,
Tarry with me yet a while;
Linger, blessed eve I pray thee,
Happy moments to beguile.
Life's eventide is yet to come,
Fit me for the coming day,
I breathe the prayer within my heart,
While these feeble words I say :

Farewell evening, thou hast truly
Brought to us some solemn thought,
Given to me on my birthday,
Words with wondrous meaning fraught.
Farewell, birthday, may another
Find my spirit as serene,
As thy dawn and close hath found me,
Clouded not by lurid sheen.

And when the final evening comes,
And birthday thoughts are over,
And those who love and care me now,
No longer round me hover;
God grant I'll be found ready,
My earthly sphere to leave,
And enter in my Saviour's home
A ripe and golden sheaf.

DISCONSOLATE.

SOMETIMES I feel like giving up
My strife for Christ below,
My burden feels so hard to bear,
I scarce know where to go;
And think that useless 'tis to try
My Master's steps to tread,
It seems so very hard to seek,
And find the living bread.

When sick at heart, I fain would seek
To find a resting place ;
But then again my heart will fly
To Jesus' love and grace.
He seems to whisper in my ear
" Dear child, look up and see,
Thy Lord who once was crucified,
And bore it all for thee."

I know He claims me as His own,
Myself to Him I've given,
And though my fragile barque be tossed
And by life's waves hard driven,
Yet all my burdens He will take,
And He my cross will bear,
If in His precious Word I trust
And cast on Him my care

The Saviour whispered in my ear,
O many years ago,
This verse, which I have ne'er forgot,
Whose depth I fully know :
He that taketh not his cross,
And followeth after Me,
Is not, by my redeeming love,
Worthy my face to see.

And then I said, O Lord, I'll strive,
By Thy grace given me,
Bravely to run my race below,
And trust Thy face to see.
When life's few fleeting years are o'er,
With all their strife and pain
I'll live in hope that I at last
The heavenly port will gain.

So now faint heart cease to repine,
Go trust thy Saviour dear,
And cast on Him, the risen Lord,
Thy every doubt and fear.
Then Jesus come, this very night
And claim Thy child once more,
And soothe with Thy unchanging love,
My wounded spirit o'er.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I WAS out in the woods to-day,
Gathering autumn leaves,
I picked a great many bunches,
And bound them into sheaves.

And as I did so I culled
The bright and dark apart ;
Thus making a great difference,
By a simple touch of art.

And then I took some other leaves,
Which my eye had not sought,
And threw them away from my sight,
For those I counted as naught.

I thought as I parted the leaves
Which equal sunshine had,
How the Lord will part His flock,
And take the good from the bad.

His flock, who on earth are sharing
The sunshine and the light ;
Though far they be from striving
To try and do the right.

When He comes to reap His harvest,
On the resurrection day,
He'll take the earnest Christians,
And cast the bad away.

He'll have mercy on the doubting ones,
As I had on the leaves,
When I parted the bright and dark,
And bound them into sheaves.

When the Lord shall come to take
The sheep from the goats below,
To carry the lambs in His bosom,
His love and joy to know.

PATIENCE.

DEDICATED TO MY DEAR MOTHER.

LIKE a little bird who struggles,
For to soar in yonder sky;
Hopeful, trusting, ever constant,
Breathing no impatient sigh.

Like a flower, whose tender petals
Crushed and unseen by the way,
Beaming there in secret beauty,
O what import do they sway,

So though crushed, obscure by sickness,
Precious one, thy patient life
Lives each day in richer beauty,
Brings a message mid the strife.

Thou so hopeful, trusting, constant,
For to do the Master's will;
Waiting, though in greatest suffering,
For to hear His "Peace be still."

COUNT THAT DAY LOST.

COUNT that day lost, a writer said,
Whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand no work,
Nor noble action done.

No truer words have e'er been penned,
Nor said by mortal tongue,
Nor from the lips of poet,
Or songstress ever sung.

Count that day lost whose twelve long hours
Performed no deeds of right,
And leave at eve no acts
To flash upon thy sight,

To mind thee of the day gone by,
Wrought with joy, not pain,
Little acts of kindness
That bring a sweet refrain.

Would we but ponder, as each day
Speeds on the wings of time,
And do some gracious act,
Sweet memories to chime.

And departing, leave behind us,
Deeds that will not die,
But meet us at the throne,
Beyond the bright, blue sky.

GOD IS LOVE.

THREE little words, of meaning great,
Dwell deep within my heart,
And make my soul to soar in thought,
Where Thou, my maker art.
They lift me by their magic power,
To dreams of realms above,
And yet these fervent little words
Are simply, God is love.

But oh, what meaning in the sound,
What import strangely high,
To lift the mind away from earth,
To Christ beyond the sky,
To one who rules the universe,
In wondrous power above,
Who condescends to notice us,
And be a God of love.

And thus our great creator did
The precious seed implant
The seed of love, in every heart,
Which proves to be so scant.
Be wise as serpents, saith the Lord,
And harmless as a dove,
O could we but in all our acts
Remember God is love.

And live as He would have us live,
A noble, Christian life,
And die as He would have us die,
At peace amid the strife,
Feeling assured, when all was o'er,
Our mansion was above,
To pass a blest eternity
And know the God of love.

THOUGHTS AT EVENING.

WHAT have I done for Jesus, to-day,
By what act have I His great name raised ?
Can I through my conscience hear His voice say,
Well done, thou thy Saviour hath praised.

What word have I spoken for Jesus to-day ?
Even murmured in whisperings low,
For each one a word for the Master can say,
While through this wide world we go.

Oh, I feel I am sadly deficient to-night,
As I view the day's deeds o'er and o'er;
Why do I not strive with all my might
To copy my Lord more and more.

He knoweth each wish of my faltering heart,
He knoweth my every desire ;
Come now, and Thy infinite love, Lord impart,
And me with Thy true grace inspire.

SPRING.

BEHOLD the fields, around us green,
In nature's verdure clothed,
Bright in their many lovely hues,
The Lord himself them robed.

The little birds doth warble too,
Their songs of happy glee,
And in their strains they seem to chime
Sweet melody to me,

King frost his sceptre hath thrown down,
And Spring reigns in his place,
And decks the fields and woodlands far,
With beauty's florid grace.

And to our eyes the scene doth seem
A picture fair to see,
Yet what can all this lovely sight
To God's great garden be.

The birds remind us of the saints
Who from this earth have flown,
And in their wondrous home above
Now chime a song their own.

The flowers too, gay messengers,
Full many a thought they tell,
Of all the good, and pure, and true,
Which in our hearts may dwell.

Birds and flowers upon earth sent,
By Him, the God of love,
To make us ever keep in mind
The paradise above.

SUMMER.

The buds of spring are perfected
In thee, blest summer time,
When fanned by the gentle zephyr,
The many warblers chime.

The babbling brooks their echoes bring,
Through meadows rich and green,
Could there in nature's lovely land
A fairer sight be seen?

When we wander in the moonlight,
Beneath a starry sky,
And breathe the breath of roses sweet,
While beams the moon on high.

To the parks, our city gardens,
On summer nights we go,
And on the friendly waters
Of luring lakes we row.

A land of dream and magic,
These parks oft seem to me,
Where God and man hath blended
A touch in harmony.

No word of mine is eloquent
Enough to rightly chime,
The joy, the rapture and delight
Which comes with summer time.

AUTUMN.

O FALL, with all thy dying leaves,
And emblems of decay,
The world now wears before thee
A mantle of dismay.

The earth looks sad and dreary,
The trees on hill and dale
Are fading in thy presence,
And sigh with autumn's gale.

And so it is with us, who dwell,
Frail creatures here below,
We leave this world of change, and seek
Another sphere to know;

Where the flowers are ever blooming,
And there ne'er is any night,
In the land that lasts forever,
The kingdom-come of light.

WINTER.

THE trees on the hillside are sleeping,
And nature seems wearing a pall,
The loveliest gems of the season
Have vanished beyond our recall.

These trees that grew in the spring-time,
And covered with foliage green,
Seem to speak and say, we had never
Been lighted by lunar's soft sheen.

The flowers that once decked the prairies,
With verdure so fair to behold,
Have gone and left naught behind them,
But meadows all seared with the cold.

Yes, the birds have hushed their singing,
Their ringing notes of happy glee,
And have hastened from our presence,
Southern climes to seek and see.

A GEM.

WE'RE sailors on the sea of life,
Victory our fort;
May He who standeth at the helm,
Steer us into port.

A PEBBLE.

STANDING by a running brooklet,
Pensively one summer day,
I saw a little pebble dashed
By the running stream away,
On it tottered by the motion,
Senseless what its fate might be;
Then from out my sight it vanished,
And its end I did not see.

But I took a wondrous lesson,
From the pebble, as it sped
Onward to its destination,
By the ruthless torrent led.
I said, I am that atom,
Drifting on the sea of life;
Dashing onward in the current,
Of its mingled joy and strife.

Yet I thought I am not speeding
On an unknown fate to see;
Sweeping like that little pebble,
Senseless what my end may be.
I have reason for to guide me,
On the mazy sea of life;
I have sense to struggle with thee,
Dark temptations ever rife.

Then a little voice within me,
Whispered in my anxious ear;
Trust not in thine own prevailing,
Thou shalt sink in doubt and fear.
'Tis the Saviour who can guide thee,
Through the perils which betide;
Only His power can protect thee,
Be thou ever at His side.

And I prize the pebble's message,
Though unconscious of its power,
Knowing not its fate or ending,
Or its lesson of that hour.
Thus it is the blessed Saviour
Often sends the smallest thing,
To confound the wise and mighty,
In the message it may bring.

A THOUGHT.

AIM not for this world's approval
Of your actions here below,
For its praise is falsely spoken,
And the truth you ne'er may know.

Rather seek for Jesus' favor,
Who can lasting joy bestow,
And in His love, and worthy favor,
Strive from day to day to grow.

FIVE MARTYRS.

O ANSWER me ye storied years,
Now hidden in the past,
What of the martyrs brave and true,
Beneath thy shadow cast.
Did they lay their sceptres down
When ceased their earthly fame,
And all their noted splendor thus
Extinguish in death's flame ?

O no, their praises loudly ring
From each resounding shore,
And though they're old, we love to hear
Each welcome story o'er.
And listen with enchanted hearts
To duty's tales of strife,
Which many hundred years ago
Were in our land so rife.

'Tis not for stories that we ask,
Do no bright records tell
Of what they did, so brave and true,
Which in our memories dwell ?
Are there no beacon lights to point
Out what their lives have been,
Or is it nothing but a tale of
Some transfigured scene ?

In the firmament of history,
Like brilliant stars they beam,
And though dead, their spirits live,
And on our visions gleam.
Yes, history's pages loud proclaim
Their deeds of might so true,
And they will live, while ages last
Each martyr has his due.

Then tell me who these martyrs are
Of whom you speak so sure,
And are so loudly holding up
Their acts so good and pure.
What is it that they could have done
Which makes their fame to last,
And glitter with such brilliancy
Through time's dark shadow cast.

Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley,
All suffered at the stake,
And Hooper, brave, and Rogers, true,
All died for Jesus' sake.
And thus their lives have been revered,
Our motives to inspire,
From brave John Knox of Scotland
To Luther's soul of fire.

And they shall live until this world
Shall pass for aye away
In history and in memory
Their treasured lives will stay.

The storied years are but the case
To hold each precious jewel,
And in the casket of the Lord
They glisten 'neath His rule.

SIMPLY CLINGING.

SIMPLY clinging to the cross,
Blessed Saviour, let me be;
Walking daily in Thy footprints,
Simply clinging, Lord, to Thee.

Simply clinging to the cross,
Make me ever look toward Zion,
Where my pathway is directed,
Clinging to Thy cross divine.

Simply clinging to the cross,
As my staff and perfect stay,
Which will keep my feet from falling,
Mid the perils of the way.

Simply clinging to the cross,
Till my race on earth is o'er,
And with a victor's crown at last,
Dwell on Canaan's shining shore.

A PRAYER.

SAVIOUR, while the year is dying
And its last night speeds away,
Lean, O gracious Lord and listen,
While upon my knees I pray.

Asking pardon through my Saviour
For the deeds which I have done,
Through the year now speeding from me,
Which have not Thy favor won.

Every quick and angry passion
Stirred within this mortal breast,
Every wrong and hasty action,
False our lives are at their best.

Forgive them all, O gracious Master,
Who have wronged or injured me;
Thou hast known how hard the combat
To forbear, and trust in Thee.

Forgive our persecutors, Lord,
Whate'er their purpose be,
And grant us patience for to bear
And dwell at last with Thee.

May the year, whose record finished,
Kept by Thy just, unerring hand,
Have written o'er its blotted pages,
Thy forgiveness, there to stand.

CHARITY.

O CHARITY in every guise,
Thou art of value more than gold;
Yea, dearer than the fairest pearls,
Thy worth cannot be told.
Love, as thy meaning, I define,
Which casteth out all fear,
Thou gift from heaven most divine,
O come and dwell down here.

Dwell more upon this world of ours,
Cast out all unkind thought,
Let each have charity of heart,
And by thy acts be taught.
True love unkindness thinketh not,
But covereth a fault;
Would rather paliate than try
A failing to exalt.

Each one of us owns to some failing,
O truly the song words it right,
But our wishes will be unavailing,
Without trying with all our might.
Striving to follow the Saviour,
As He dwelt on earth when a man;
To copy His acts and behavior,
As well as we possibly can.

O love of Christ unchangeable,
So lasting and so free,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord Jesus, shelter me.
Shield me from the storm and strife,
With Thy unchanging love,
The daily trials of fleeting life,
Which will not dwell above.

LINES

WRITTEN TO MY MOTHER ON HER SIXTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

ANOTHER year has come to greet you,
Though the shadows linger still,
And your feet, perhaps more weary,
Waiting still the Master's will.

But if I thy path can brighten,
By a single act of mine,
'Tis a pleasure, not a burden,
'Tis a privilege divine.

Accept this token of remembrance,
And this little birthday thought;
'Tis a loving hand that gives it,
Every word with love is wrought.

WISHING.

A LITTLE girl stood one day
In proud ambition's height,
And spoke aloud her wishes,
With all her heart and might.

She murmured forth the longing,
Which from her heart now fled,
This one she wished the most for,
And audibly she said :

I wish I were an heiress,
A fortune in my hand,
The world would bow before me
And be at my command.

I wish I were a beauty,
The fairest ever seen,
And dressed in robes of velvet,
As grand as any queen,

I wish I were a songstress,
With voice so matchless strong,
That all the world in wonder
Would round my footsteps throng.

I wish I were a poet,
My fame the world renowned,
And named by all as wondrous,
And worthy to be found.

I wish I were an artist,
With strength, and power, and skill
To paint the grandest pictures,
Art galleries to fill.

I wish the grace of love,
With all its rays divine,
Would cast its brilliant beams,
My life-path to enshrine.

In fact my wishes are
Too numerous to tell,
I ne'er can speak the wishes
Which in my heart do dwell.

Dear me, what don't I wish?
This world could scarcely hold
My wishes were they granted,
They are so manifold.

She paused, and looked around,
But nothing could she see,
And said, O it is fancy, thus
To end my reverie.

She thought she heard a sound,
But found no one was near,
Thank goodness, then, she muttered,
No one was round to hear.

But yes there was, 'twas He
Who ever doth remain,
That heard her foolish wishing
For this world's empty gain.

It was conscience that she heard
Reprovingly recite
This verse, which made her pause,
And bid her think aright,

“For what shall it profit a man, if he
shall gain the whole world, and lose his
own soul?”—Mark viii: 36.

Dear child, youv'e wished and craved
For worldly pomp and fame,
And yet withal, you have not wished
A noble, christian name.

Youv'e wished for what will fade,
And vanish and decay,
And yet you have not wished for
To dwell in endless day.

Oh, wish a home in heaven,
A robe that's from above,
A song to sing forever, and
To rest in Jesus' love.

Yes, seek to be an artist,
And sketch thy life below,
Live it wise and grandly,
And heaven's joys you'll know.

And then your many wishes
Shall all be gratified,
And you shall then inherit
A home beyond the tide.

An heiress of the kingdom,
Beautiful in song,
A poet, for to breathe above
The odes that there belong.

Let this one wish be thine, and
All others terminate,
Wish that thou be worthy
To ope the pearly gate.

When life's career is ended,
And wishing has to cease,
Wish that the Lord will take thee
To dwell in endless peace.

Where sorrow ne'er shall enter,
And nought shall pass away;
In the land of the hereafter,
The realms of endless day,

ON THE DEATH OF MY COUSIN,
MARY EVA.

IN her long, last narrow bed,
They have laid her icy head,
Folded her white hands on her breast,
For she now numbers with the blessed.

With the summer she faded away,
As a rose in midsummer's day,
And passed from thy sight and thy love,
To bloom in God's garden above,

O say not she has from thee fled,
For by her life thou shall be led;
She will watch at heaven's gate,
And for her earthly wanderers wait.

Ask you now, with tear-stained eye,
Why did one so sinless die?
'Twas the Saviour took her home,
In this world no more to roam.

Tho' no more she'll join your number,
Or your earthly pleasures know,
In her last, and silent slumber,
In her grave so still, and low;

Would you recall her back for years,
To this world of sighs and tears;
Would you tear her if you could,
From a home where all are good?

From the mansions far above,
Where all is peace, and joy and love,
Far off beyond the clear, blue sky,
Beyond the view of mortal eye?

“Weep with those who weep,” was said
By Christ, who wept above the dead,
Tears of joy and sorrow flow,
When a soul from earth doth go.

Tears of sorrow that no more,
She on earth shall cross thy door,
No more shall need thy earthly care,
In a home so pure and fair.

Tears of joy, to know that she
Everlasting love doth see;
Live that thou may with her be,
When the Lord shall call for thee.

As a flower whose day was past,
He death's sickle o'er her cast,
And took her in a Saviour's love,
To bloom a brighter flower above,

She is not dead, but gone before,
And she knocks at thy heart's door;
Live thou, and to her home be led,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

THE HARVEST IS PAST.

THE harvest is past, and the
Summer is ended,
The day of repentance is o'er,
Thy life-deeds are blended.
Hear the deep wailings of woe,
Up from the sinner's heart,
While the stern sentence is spoken :
From out my sight depart.

The harvest is past, and the
Summer is ended,
Look, sinner look, and be saved
Unto Him who ascended,
And rules His kingdom in glory bright,
Yours to inherit and share,
If the harvest shall find you saved,
And worthy to dwell over there.

The harvest is past, and the
Summer is ended,
But grant that your answer will be :
I'll meet Thee ascended.
The Lord who died and rose again,
I wait His face to see
When the harvest is past, and
He says " Come unto me."

CHRISTMAS.

‘PEACE on earth’ again is sounding,
While the Christmas echoes ring,
And a loud good-will to mortals
In our Saviour’s name we sing.
In a manger, crude and lowly,
Once our loving Saviour lay,
Scant of every earthly comfort,
On a blessed Christmas day.

For He came to know our anguish,
Feel our pain and bring relief,
He, the blessed “man of sorrows,”
Well acquainted was with grief.
And it makes our load feel lighter,
When we hear the Saviour say,
Cast on me thy every burden,
On this blessed Christmas day.

Yes, for us He came and suffered,
Waded deep in sorrow’s tide,
That we all might have a refuge,
In a Saviour’s love to hide.
In a love so true and lasting,
Which will not like earth decay,
Sinner, give thy heart to Jesus,
On this blessed Christmas day.

He, so good beyond all measure,
Yet "His own received Him not,"
Sought to censure and betray Him,
And His spotless name to blot;
But He rose beyond the tumult,
Rose, within our hearts to stay,
And we celebrate His coming
On this blessed Christmas day.

History o'er and o'er repeated,
For the Saviour's words will live,
And within the hearts of mortals,
There a holy incense give.
Heed ye now the joyful message,
Hark! I hear the Saviour say,
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men,"
On this blessed Christmas day.

THE ANGELUS.

With heads bowed down and thoughtful,
Now see them standing there,
The angelus is tolling;
It is the hour of prayer.

Work for a spell forgotten,
The toilers' hands are still,
While at that sacred moment,
They feel the solemn thrill.

THE ANGELUS



IN MEMORIAM.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY MOTHER, WHO WENT TO HER
HEAVENLY HOME, JANUARY 26, 1902.

HER useful hands are folded
Upon her loving breast,
And her willing feet no longer
Are wearying for rest.

My mother 's with the angels,
I think I hear her sing,
In the great triumphant chorus,
Around the heavenly King.

On earth her voice resounded,
In the days that are gone by,
But pain and suffering crushed it,
And song exchanged for sigh.

Yet in her God she trusted,
Through all the years of woe,
She held the hand that chastened,
And said He best did know.

Faithful to a helpless husband,
Willing slave at duty's shrine,
May her memory be cherished
As a heritage divine.

May we not forget her teachings,
And to ever faithful be,
Then in glory we shall meet her,
When we cross the crystal sea.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

“Don’t weep for me when I am gone,”
My gentle mother said,
While on a bed of suffering
She laid her patient head.
“Don’t shed one tear,” she often said,
“Be glad I am at rest,
When Christ shall come and call me home,
To number with the blessed.”

Although she bade me not to weep,
When ended was her earthly woe;
Yet my grief will not subside,
And my tears unbidden flow.
She now dwells in joy immortal,
Needs my love and care no more;
But her dying trust I cherish.
As an echo from the shore.

Oft I think upon her suffering,
And that long, and dreadful day,
When we watched around her bedside,
Scarcely finding words to say.
Oh, the grief beyond expression—
I can feel the anguish still—
Though a year ago she left us,
For the land that knows no ill.

And with holy resignation
I can see her raise her head;
"I would not live always," Mary,
Were the words she softly said.
Heard my aged father saying,
"I will go away and pray,
And perhaps our gracious master
Longer here will let her stay."
He for years had been so helpless,
And his lifemate fond and true,
Though herself so frail in body,
Helped him bear his burden too.

How the shadows grimly gathered,
Till they lengthened into night,
For 'twas in the early morning
That her spirit took its flight.

Then a smile o'erspread her features,
'Twas a smile the angels bring,
When the welcome-home is sounding,
And we think we hear them sing.
Such a look the Saviour brings us,
When He beckons from the shore
Of the land of joy immortal,
Where the weary weep no more.
Her expression plainly telling
Christ for her the path had trod,
And upon her Saviour leaning,
Our dear mother went to God.

LITTLE THINGS.

O do not slight the little things
Which help to make up life,
And like the morning dewdrops,
Spread peace amid the strife.

Think not a word, a smile, or jest
Are trifles in their weight;
'Tis oft the things we value least
Which sometimes prove so great.

A look, a smile, a sigh, a tear,
Their wealth can not be told;
They speak far more than volumes do,
And heavier weigh than gold.

Little acts of love ; oh what giants,
What monsters in their power,
They cheer our life and brighten up
The lonely dying hour.

Life's journey, whether long or short,
Is wrought with little deeds;
The greatest honors some have won,
Have sprung from little seeds.

'Tis by small deeds, and acts, and words,
Through battle and through strife,
That we shall reach the haven of
The bright, eternal life.

WHERE IS HEAVEN ?

WHERE is heaven? this question old
Repeats itself again,
In accents of deep wonderment,
An answer for to gain.
In dim imagination's theme
I often wander far,
And wonder where this realm is,
And what its beauties are.

Where is heaven? O question great,
Which answered cannot be,
Until the mortal shall be changed
To immortality.
But still enquiring minds will ask
The question o'er and o'er,
And though unanswered it remains,
They ask it as of yore.

Where is heaven? a child once asked,
Is it a castle high,
Far off within a distant clime,
With walls to touch the sky?
We may imagine what we wish,
But all such thoughts are vain,
For we can nothing understand,
Until the land we gain.

Where is heaven? but lost in thought
And reverie we stay,
We will not know until the Lord
Shall point us out the way;
When the reaper comes to take us,
When ends our work below,
Then what we could not fathom here,
In endless joy we'll know.

We know we live for some great end,
And have a goal in view,
The faithful and the constant ones,
Who are to Jesus true.
Then never let us waste our time
In vainly asking where
Our final dwelling place will be,
Since Jesus will be there.

For He will light our final home,
Wherever it may be,
His smile will be for ever bright
Throughout eternity.
And in the far-off spirit-land,
With Jesus we shall reign,
Those who will be found worthy, for
To join the heavenly train.

LITTLE NELLIE.

DAY by day they saw her fading,
As the summer time went by,
And their hearts were wrung with anguish
When they knew that she must die.

Die, and leave the bright home-circle
She, their only child so dear,
Oh, how hard the chastening rod was
In its strokes, and how severe.

In her Saviour's mercy trusting,
Nellie did not fear to die;
"Look!" she said, "I see Him coming,
Through the crimson evening sky."

Hoping against hope, and praying
Let this cup, Lord, pass from me,
And if it be Thy gracious will,
Spare our darling, health to see,

So thus passed the summer mornings,
With their days of rosy light,
Till one lovely autumn evening,
Little Nellie took her flight.

Left her home and its surroundings,
Parents to her heart so dear;
Went to claim the life eternal,
Where no autumn comes to seer;

Or to wilt the blooming plants
In the garden of the Lord,
For the Saviour is their guardian,
And each blossom is His ward.

And the parents murmured sadly
As they looked upon their dead,
Thy will is done, O Lord, and Nellie
From our home to Thine has fled.

Fare thee well our much-loved darling,
Till we meet on Canaan's shore,
Where our tears are dried forever,
And we'll meet to part no more.

THE LINNET.

Come, thou linnet of the morning,
Sing to me thy notes of glee,
Let me listen to your piping,
With a spirit blithe and free.

Welcome here thou merry songster,
Borne upon the morning air,
Bringing to me untold precepts,
Little warbler, bright and fair.

But thy song begins and ends here,
Mine's a song to sing above,
Mine a song to sing in heaven,
Basking 'neath the Saviour's love.

IMAGINATION OF HEAVEN.

SOMETIMES I picture heaven as
A palace wondrous fair,
With gates of pearl, and streets of gold,
Which gleam in beauty there ;
But as to the inhabitants
I oft about them think ;
Those bright celestial creatures,
Who neither eat nor drink,

But dwell in life eternal,
In realms of the blest,
And walk through streets of splendor
Ne'er wearying for rest ;
Nor need the sun, nor moon, nor stars,
Like us who dwell below,
For Jesus is the light thereof,
His presence gives a glow.

And oftimes I imagine
Myself transported there,
Wandering through the streets of gold,
Up to that mansion fair ;
And think I hear the music that
The angel choir doth sing,
Until my soul with rapture, thus
Rejoicing, seems to ring.

And I think I see my Saviour,
 Resplendent in His love,
Approvingly look at me,
 And I think I am above.
But then this transitory world,
 With all its din and wile,
Will dash me from my vision,
 But not my Saviour's smile.

For though the spell may flee away
 With all its happy thought,
The love of Jesus in my heart's
 Recesses deep are fraught.
For His smile is not imagined,
 It ever lingers near,
He's with me in my troubles, and
 My darkest days doth cheer.

And I pray Him to enshrine
 My pathway here below,
Until, when life is ended,
 To His blest realms I go;
Where my joy will be perfected
 And I, in truth, shall see
My frail imagination there
 A blest reality.

COMFORT.

WHEN our hearts are weary with waiting,
With striving, and hoping in vain,
There is one who will give us a refuge
From tempests of sorrow and pain.

The Saviour will comfort His children,
His message forever is blest ;
He carries the lambs in His bosom,
And giveth His loved ones rest.

Oh, if all hearts could but know it,
The wonderful pleasure I feel,
In trusting my blessed Redeemer,
Whose love every sorrow can heal.

Then to the friend never failing,
My spirit in gladness will cling,
While storms are surging around me,
Of Jesus, my Saviour, I'll sing.

INFLUENCE.

THERE'S not a single act that floats
This wide world round and round,
That carries with it such a weight,
As this word so profound.

Yes, influence is a mighty giant,
Lasting, firm and sure;
Its power from age to age is felt,
And ever stands secure.

Its unperceived and unknown power
Is thought of value small,
Yet every breath of life we breathe
We wield it, one and all.

Each one of earth's frail creatures do
By acts of wrong and right,
Full many a deed, which shall endure
When they have fled from sight.

FAITH.

KNEELING low beside God's footstool,
Asking for His aid each day;
Thus a faithful christian worker
Found some time to watch and pray.

Years he passed in service lowly,
Ever at the Saviour's feet,
Each day found him ready, waiting
For the Master's will to meet.

Years perhaps are yet before him,
They will find him in the right,
Waiting for to hear the summons—
Enter in eternal life.

NOT TO THE WORLD ARE WE
GIVEN.

I stood at the window one day,
Watching the leaves as they fell
From the boughs of the beautiful poplar,
And each had a story to tell.

Some wilted, some weak, some faded,
Still clung to a slender spray,
Till the hand of the great Creator
Had beckoned them all away.

I had watched those leaves in the springtime,
When born to the world anew,
They came after winter's reposing,
To perform their mission so true.

Their shade and their beauty had sheltered
Our homes from the heat of the sun,
And now that the winter was coming,
Their beautiful mission was done.

They served like the soldier on duty,
The purpose for which they were sent;
Not to the world are we given,
Only for usefulness lent.

And we long for to see them returning,
And all through the winter we sing
For the leaves of the beautiful poplar,
To greet us again in the spring.

IT IS EASY ENOUGH TO PREACH.

O how easy it is to tell
Another what to do,
And plan for them a pathway
Of deeds both good and true;
To point to people a limit,
Of things within their reach,
And tell them what they ought to do;
It's easy enough to preach!

Some ride in carriages grandly,
And tell the toiler for bread,
How very bravely he ought to walk
The path he has to tread.
Some sit in frescoed mansions,
And sweetly there beseech
Others for better times to wait;
It's easy enough to preach!

We all must take the anguish home,
E'er we can feel the smart,
The sorrow, and the weight of woe,
Which crush another's heart.
Then let us lend a helping hand,
And give forth deeds, not speech,
And think, when we are prone to talk,
How easy it is to preach.

WE WEEP NOT ALONE.

DEDICATED TO LOTTIE HICKS-BIRD.

"LAUGH, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;"
Oh, how can the writer of these harsh words,
Ever for them atone.

There are hearts that are many and selfish,
Who care not our sorrow to know,
But there also are others to help us,
Who gladly would lighten our woe.
How could we imagine a world,
With space for our joy and woe,
To have only a place for the sunshine,
And none for the clouds to go.

God made the light and the shadow,
Our pleasures and our grief,
And gave to us, friends with hearts
Ever ready to lend relief.
I have laughed, and friends laughed with me,
I have wept, yet not alone,
For in sorrow, that saw no sunrise,
Tears mingled with my own.

'Twas neither a brother nor sister
That oft spoke words of cheer,
'Twas a friend from the days of childhood
That whispered in my ear.

If in all this monster world
You find but a few hearts true,
'Tis enough to fill life's goblet
With the portion allotted to you.

Then think not too hard of the world,
When you can help to do
Your share of the many actions,
Which make it good and true.
And lend to the poor hearts, thirsting
The love that you can give,
And the priceless gift of friendship,
Which makes life sweet to live.

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not, let me not fade
From out thy sight each passing year;
Let fond remembrance reign, and shade
A love so lasting and sincere.

Forget me not, let memory keep
Her guardian watch by day and night;
O may it not, in slumber deep,
Forget the past, though gone from sight.

Forget me not, but I must close
These rambling echoes from my heart,
For they bring worry, not repose,
And dearest friends have met to part.





MY BABY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.

RING the merry bells to-night,
Our youthful queen to greet ;
Ring the merry bells aloud,
With welcome true and sweet.

Gaze upon this lovely infant,
Pure as heaven's glistening dew,
Ponder how the self-same title,
Once belonged to each of you.

What a struggle for the mastr'y,
Footprints true and grand to gain ;
Slippery is the path before her,
Wrought with fear, and doubt and pain.

God, who in our midst is gazing
On this scene of pure delight,
Who to us this child has given,
Precious in His holy sight.

Listen to a mother's pleading,
Listen to a mother's prayer,
Take into Thy special keeping,
Guard our child from every snare.

We will do our duty, trusting
In Thy mighty hand to guide ;
We will teach our little daughter
In her Saviour to confide.

Welcome, then, this little darling,
To the rights of home and love,
As her name is known among us,
Be it known in heaven above.

THE SHEPHERD.

As o'er the hills the shepherd speeds
The last stray lamb his love hath told,
He will not seek to gain repose,
Till he has brought it to the fold.

He heedeth not the rugged path
Which doth before him lie,
But on the weary, wayward lamb
He fixes fast his eye.

And toiling through the silent night
For many a dreary hour,
He wearies not, but cheerfully
Doth prove his love and power,

And brings in safety to the fold
The wayward little sheep,
And bears it on his bosom, home,
Tired out and fast asleep.

And thus our gentle Saviour seeks
His wayward sheep that roam,
Who wearied with their journey long,
Have wandered far from home

THE MARVELOUS WHITE CITY.

Dedicated to MAYOR HARRISON, who was assassinated by Prendergast, October 28, 1893, after returning from the World's Fair, where he had addressed a gathering in the Music Hall. The author and her husband were members of the chorus, and sung on that memorable day.

'Tis evening, and the glittering lights
Shine from the golden dome,
While through the crowded buildings,
Enchanted people roam.
List, to the music, floating
O'er the magic scene divine,
While fountains play in splendor,
And many turrets shine.
And will it fade and molder?
O breathe you what a pity,
Would it could last forever,
The marvelous White City.

The music hall is crowded,
While many hundreds sing
Of good and brave Columbus,
Who deeds so great did bring.
And while the chorus echoes,
Think of the cruel fate
That met the great explorer,
While honor came so late.
But the singers now are ceasing.
O breathe you what a pity,
Would they might sing forever
In the marvelous White City.

But look ! a form so manly
Has risen for to say
Some thoughts of might and wisdom,
Upon this noted day.
With words so grand and forceful,
'Tis he, our worthy mayor,
Who kept the people spell-bound
While rising from his chair.
At last the speaker ceases;
And breathe you what a pity,
Would he might speak forever,
In the marvelous White City.

Mayor Harrison looked lovely!
The children did repeat,
While elders acquiesced,
Their homage for to greet;
E'en politicians bitter,
Did all agree that night
That Harrison looked noble,
And worthy of the right.
The lights are now extinguished;
And breathe you what a pity,
Would they might shine forever,
In the marvelous White City.

Within his city homestead
Our Mayor now quietly goes,
Like thousands home returning
To gain a night's repose,

But lurking in the darkness
Comes a demon in his wake,
Who longs with leaden bullet
His noble life to take.
The shot he fires proves fatal,
And by that villian's blow,
Is stilled a heart as faithful
As man might need to know.

Hushed is his voice forever,
No more the singers chime,
And all the noted buildings
Have passed away with time.
The works of might and splendor,
Which man's great mind had wrought,
And to a thinking people
Great things forever taught,
Dwell with us but in fancy,
For now 'tis like a dream,
And through once brilliant hall-ways
The lights no longer gleam,
And vacant landscape greets us
Where once towered domes of gold,
Where fountains played in splendor,
Is but a story told.

Sad tale of life and beauty o'er,
Our hearts cry what a pity,
That it could not forever last,
The marvelous White City.

AMBITION.

I will, and onward still I press,
Though dark the way may be;
The cherished purpose of my heart
Some day I hope to see.

O vanished years of girlhood,
With disappointments rife;
Yet my ambition drives me on
To mingle in the strife.

I measure not by others' doom,
I do not rail at fate;
While there is life, there still is hope,
It never is too late.

The great Creator talents gave,
Some more and others less;
With what we have we all must try
To make a grand success.

A GEM.

BRIGHTEST days have hours of sorrow,
Saddest days have hours of joy;
Joy or sorrow, care we borrow,
Hopeful let us meet the morrow.

PHILIPINO SONG.

By the glare of a burning city,
Upon her bended knee,
A dark-skinned Philipino
Is weeping bitterly.
Now hear the words she's saying,
Through all the din and strife,
To mortal man she's praying,
"Brave soldier, spare my life."

REFRAIN:

Methinks I hear her pleading,
Though far away I be,
Her poor life knows of nothing
But Spanish tyranny.

See, though the night grows darker,
She does not seek for rest,
Entwine her arms more tightly,
The babe upon her breast.
"Oh, save my child," she's crying,
"I cannot from him part,"
For in that form so wretched
She owns a mother's heart.

REFRAIN:

Methinks I see her weeping,
As other mothers weep,
Who share her bitter bondage,
Whose grief has been as deep.

“ Long years of bitter torment,
Of strife, and grief and woe,
O will you not the brightness
Of your free land bestow ? ”
She’s pleading for her people,
No freedom does she see;
Her poor life knows of nothing
But Spanish treachery.

REFRAIN :

Up, sister up, no longer plead,
There’s freedom for the brave;
Where Uncle Sam has power to rule,
No one need be a slave.

How could the brave defender
Of human rights forbear,
“ One God, one cause,” he’s saying,
“ And you shall have your share;
No more shall cruel tyrants
Control you as their slaves,
The boys who bought your freedom
Are speaking from their graves.”

REFRAIN :

Up, woman up, there’s nothing to fear,
No cruel Spaniard shall harm you here;
We’ve bought with our life-blood the man-
tle of peace,
And Uncle Sam gives you the long sought
release.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

As the Author is an admirer of nice dogs, she has always treasured a memory of the big, faithful dog who might not have lost his life had he not been constantly tormented, as many dogs are.

IN a distant village lonely,
Where houses then were scant,
Once towered a seminary
The gospel seed to plant.

Among the good professors,
Who daily took their way,
In fair and stormy weather,
Their words of truth to say,
Was one whose name was Harper,
A man of years though few,
Bid fair by all who knew him
To weave a record true.

Just then he owned a canine,
A Newfoundland by race,
Who guarded well the homestead,
And oft some other place.
Now all the village urchins
Did love to tease that dog,
By throwing missiles at him
While home from school they'd jog.

One day there passed a youngster
Who oft him teased in play,
And trying to be friendly,
Did stop a word to say ;
But the big black dog was surly,
And plunged from left to right,
And badly bit the school-boy,
Who hurried home in fright.

His parents then were frantic
To see their bleeding boy,
And his relatives protested
The dog they must destroy.
So they went to the professor,
And told him why they came,
He, then righteously declared,
The school-boy was to blame.

'Twas hard, beyond all measure,
To have the big dog die,
Because his children loved him,
And tears bedimmed each eye.
Yet quietly he surrendered
His dog, to save the boy,
By giving them permission
The canine to destroy.

Some people treat this lightly,
" 'Twas but a dog," they say,
" And quite correct that he
For biting had to pay,"

But 'tis the thoughtful ones,
Who love and service blend,
That find it hard to part
With man's unselfish friend.

And now the years have vanished,
That boy a man has grown,
And to the great professor
May at this day be known.
Yes, 'tis many, many years
Since the story I relate,
Of how a faithful watch-dog
Met an untimely fate.

O brave and good professor,
Life of small deeds is wrought,
And in the days departed
You that sweet lesson taught.
Such little deeds of duty
To a monument has grown,
And in the hearts of many
You reap the seeds then sown.

Let us not slight the trifles
Which life's great pathway weave,
But in the road behind us
Foot-prints forever leave,
And like the good professor
Who rose to know such fame,
Be worthy of the echoes
To sweetly breathe our name.

MY PET WATCH-DOG.

No nobler nature ever dwelt
Within a canine breast,
Few dogs, if any, in this world
Are with such sense possessed.
How vainly do mere words express
His qualities so rare,
His many good and lovely traits,
Are far beyond compare.

He is submissive as a lamb
To us, his owners three,
While other people at his growl
Will oft in terror flee.
He never will at all allow
Strange folks' familiar talk,
And when they try to joke with him
He makes them lively walk.

He will himself advances make
If he decrees it so,
But once acquainted with our Prince,
No truer friend you'll know.
Both old and young will not deny
The beauty of his face,
This handsome, trusty, noble beast
Possessed of every grace.

LINES

WRITTEN TO MRS. MCKINLEY ON HER RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE
SICKNESS. THE AUTHOR RECEIVED A LETTER OF THANKS.

OH, if I could only see you,
To speak some words of cheer,
If I only could be near you,
Your gentle voice to hear.

I have looked upon your picture,
And it said so much to me,
For I thought I read there, patience,
To the fate that had to be.

Yes, I thought that smile angelic,
Was a smile that came through tears,
Borne with fortitude heroic,
Through the tide of hopes and fears.

Once my life was full of promise,
And no cloud obscured the way,
But sickness, with its wilting blight,
Cast a mantle of dismay,

Young in years but old in suffering—
Does it not seem hard to tell,
And I fain would not express it,
But the same your lot befell.

Though our sickness may be different
And our disappointments too,
"Each one feels his burden heavy,"
Is a saying old and true.

And though our paths in life
May lead a different way,
And our hands may never touch,
Or friendship tendrils sway,

Yet in the land immortal
When ended is earth's strife,
I hope to meet, and there to greet,
Our President's sweet wife.

PATRIOTISM.

ENGLAND, I'd like to claim thee
As my own, my native earth,
The land that holds ancestors' graves
And gave to them their birth.

Scotland, I'd like to claim thee
As my own, my native earth,
For thou dost hold ancestors' graves
And also gave them birth.

Though husband dear, and friends so true,
Came from those shores to me;
Though relatives of noble birth
Still dwelling there may be;

The only light my eyes recall,
The only land I know,
Is good and brave America,
And may it long be so.

FERDINAND DE SOTA.

FERDINAND DE SOTA, who discovered the Mississippi river in 1541, and after years of disappointed hopes, died, and was sunk in the river at the dead of night.

Down in a river's muddy bed,
They have lain his lifeless head;
Folded on his sun-tanned breast
His weary, brawny hands to rest.

The hermit's life at last was o'er,
And on the Mississippi's shore
Around him stood a faithful few,
Who honored him as brave and true.

The tiresome years of hermitage
Had seen him pass from youth to age;
Had seen him strive and fight with fate,
Who seemed to be his only mate.

And Mississippi's waves unfold
The story which is often told
Of how in manhood's prime he found
That river which is world renowned,

And spent his life on desert plain,
And neither friends nor home could gain,
And when did end his life so brave,
He found in her a watery grave.

WILL YOU LOVE ME AS OF YORE?

WILL you love me as of yore?

For once you loved me in your heart,
And what has caused this bitter change,
Oh, what has made such love depart?
I'm longing, and hoping, and praying,
For the turn of the tide,
But the stream is flowing and widening,
Till the gulf may be fearful, and wide.

Will you love me as of yore,
Shall there be a coming day,
When our hearts will be united,
And the shadows pass away?
I'll long, and hope, and pray,
For the day to soon appear,
When every cloud shall vanish,
And love alone dwell here.

O union, what a happy bond,
A knot that will not sever,
Entwine this quickly, throbbing heart,
In love to last forever;
And the day will come, I trust,
When this waiting will be o'er,
When our hearts shall be united,
And you will love me as of yore.

WEDDING BELLS.

ON thy bridal evening, standing,
While all hearts are wrapt in cheer,
Let me take from memory's casket,
Words I trust you will revere.

Azure skies of golden fancies;
Dazzled brightly as they should,
While to-night we revel gladly,
At the shrine of maidenhood.

Years have sped since first I met thee,
Bound by schoolday's mystic dream,
Fair and young in girlhood's morning
Rowing thy barque on life's rough stream.

Now are passed thy girlish mornings,
Fled as like a dream away;
And enshrined in maiden glory,
Is the sceptre which you sway.

And I pause me to consider,
Cupid flung his dart at you;
But my tongue forbids to utter
Words of mystic meaning true.

Passed and present thoughts I've spoken,
Future fate I cannot tell;
I can only wish that truly
Happiness may with you dwell.

May your barque, thus safely driven
To the port of maidenhood,
Sail along life's ocean bravely,
Christ its captain, grand and good.

Here to-night you grasp the sceptre,
Which shall sway thy future years;
May your hand with might be girded,
For the coming joys and tears.

Joys that come like dewdrops, glistening,
Strewn your lifepath way along;
Tears which blend their mystic meaning,
Mingled in the world's throng.

Now in faltering tones I bid thee,
Not a last, nor sad farewell;
Simply say, good-by to Josie,
In another sphere to dwell.

With one wish I softly murmur,
Friend and schoolmate's love in one;
May its meaning tarry with thee,
When from out my sight you've gone.

May friendship's ties which us have bound,
Blend their magic art above;
Where we shall meet and know of naught
But an endless life of love.

LADY CLARA'S GHOST.

'Twas her ghost that haunted the abbey,
In the days of long ago,
That sped through the frescoed halls,
Like magic to and fro;
And lit up all minds with fancy,
As in the silent night
They watched for the slightest shadow,
Which flashed upon their sight.

'Twas her ghost that haunted the abbey,
The lovely Clara Belle,
Whose shadow they thought at midnight
Oft on their visions fell,
And disturbed their tranquil slumber,
And made them hold their breath,
When they thought of Lady Clara,
And her strange and tragic death.

'Twas her ghost that haunted the abbey,
And all by a lover's hand;
'Tis a strange and mystic tale,
Of love in a far off land.
He had said to the Lady Clara
"No other's bride you'll be,
And I will avenge the suitor
Who wins your love from me."

'Twas her ghost that haunted the abbey
For one bright summer's night,
When her heart was light as a fairy's,
And her eyes were twinkling bright.
"Which maiden here is brave enough,"
While playing a game, he said,
"To run to yonder lake and wait?"
And off young Clara sped.

She had the bravest heart of all,
And he dared her for to go,
To wait, on the watery brink, while
The lake rolled to and fro.
Then off he ran in quick pursuit,
Her footsteps for to trace,
Leaving the others far behind,
With smiles on every face.

Then they waited for to see
The lovers coming near,
And they listened, all in vain,
For nothing could they hear.
What could the awful silence mean?
No sound came from the shore,
The echo simply answered
"With Clara, all is o'er."

The comrades in the distance
Saw but a velvet dress,
A white scarf flutter in the breeze,
And then were left to guess

The fate which never has been solved,
The reason not yet known,
Only the lovely Clara Belle
To another sphere had flown.

In the morning, her lifeless form
Was found in the lake below,
And on the bank her lover lay
Dead, and white as snow.
Two funerals then did pass
The grand old castle door;
Two of the saddest funerals,
That ever passed before.

Then they buried the last of the Aldens,
That brave and princely race,
And the beautiful Lady Clara
Who owned such matchless grace.
And they say that her ghost is seen
Upon the river's brink,
Her velvet dress and snowy scarf
To flutter and to sink.

And her ghost has haunted the abbey,
Up to the present time;
Yes, her voice shall ever seem
Deep requiems to chime,
For the young and lovely Clara
Was drowned in the lake below,
Is all that they will murmur,
In fact is all they know.

'Tis her ghost that has haunted the abbey,
Those long and dreary years,
And filled their minds with wonder,
And smote their hearts with fears,
For the lovely belle had vanished
In such a sudden way,
That they speak in awe and wonder
Up to the present day.

PHILOSOPHY.

LIFE is too short to sit and grieve,
E'en though the way be dark,
Rekindle to a brighter flame,
Hope's flickering little spark.

For what's the use of grumbling
If things don't go your way,
Just set to work and mend them—
But stop repining, pray.

This changeful, busy world of ours
Brings round your turn in time,
If you will but with patience wait,
And chant this merry rhyme:

For every trouble bravely try
A remedy to find,
And if you cannot find a cure,
That trouble never mind.

A LITTLE WORD.

THERE is a little word so sweet,
And solemn in its sound,
It is the hardest to repeat,
Yet ever hovers round.

It makes the heart throb with emotion,
And makes the fancies wild,
It causes sometimes much commotion,
Yet soothes a little child.

'Tis simple as a story book,
And deeper than the sea,
Yet straight into our hearts will look
With happy witchery.

It makes us think of future dawn,
What promise bright may be,
And try to lift a curtain, drawn,
Which hides some mystery.

'Tis not a riddle to be solved
By heads both sage and wise,
It round this world has oft revolved
And keeps before our eyes.

So I will try, in pathos soft,
This charming word to tell,
We all have heard it oft enough
To know its meaning well.

I'll speak the word, tho' small, 'tis great,
And worth its weight in gold,
I'll breathe it for it oft holds fate
Within its slender fold.

So now this word, both good and true,
And other words so far above,
And blest with meanings not a few,
Claims the winning title; love.

AN ACROSTIC.

THE NAME OF A NORMAL SCHOOL MATE.

Joyously the sun had risen
O'er the hills so far away,
Silently a brilliant sunbeam
Entered in her heart one day;
Phantoms seemed to hover round her,
Halo shining from above,
In the future dawn appearing
Naught can mar the hope of love,
Ever speaks a soft voice cheering.

Knights and Earls may happy be,
Robed in majesty and might,
Outward show of pride and splendor,
Honored in the nation's sight.
Might is strong, but love is stronger,
Ever in its matchless art,
Rules the heart and lasts the longer.



BESSIE
THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER

BESSIE.

SHE'S a slender little maiden,
With a wealth of chestnut hair,
With a step so firm and active,
And a face both sweet and fair;

And her fingers are so nimble
She can make the finest lace,
And upon the snowy linen
You can see her floral grace.

Oft she sits at the piano,
And will sing in tender strain,
And you wish when she has finished,
That she longer would remain.

She can crotchet, knit and sew,
With her pen is clever too,
There are scores of other things
That this maiden fair can do.

For her Mother always taught her
Hands were given us by God,
And if they could not be useful,
It would certainly be odd;

And if things are worth the doing,
We must always do them well,
So this winsome little maiden
Thus endeavors to excel.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

OH, who can count the many pangs
Which rend each mortal breast,
The anguish and the lasting stings,
The moments of unrest.

Sometimes the fairest face is but
The index of a heavy heart,
And wears a smile when tears alone
Could tell the bitter smart.

They say this world is harsh and cold,
But oh, it is not so,
'Tis those who do upon it dwell
That weave its tale of woe.

The world itself is great and wide,
With space for good and true,
Oh why is it that kindness then
And loving hearts are few?

Some people really seem to take
Delight in being unkind,
And seeing how much misery
For others they can find.

They vent their passion on some one
Who needs their love and care,
And make a life, thus harassed so,
A burden hard to bear.

Oh, what is life without the love
Of those who know us well,
And what the fleeting joys of earth,
If discord with them dwell?

PRESS ONWARD.

ONWARD ever in life's journey,
Never tarry looking back,
There are laurels for the taking,
In the still untrodden track.

Of the failures left behind you,
Of the things you might have done,
Do not pause to reconsider
Till your object you have won.

Do not stop to breathe a murmur,
Or complain the way is drear;
Hurry o'er the rugged pathway
To the goal of hope and cheer.

There are pit-falls all around us
For the feet that dread the way,
But the mind that knows no failure
Heeds them not, nor falls a prey.

For with will-power well directed,
All things possible will be,
And a glorious compensation
For your efforts you shall see.

THE PRETTY TOWN OF CLYDE.

I HAVE seen the peaceful suburb,
So my thoughts I will not hide,
And I now will write a ditty
To the pretty town of Clyde,
Where you find a friendly neighbor,
With a word both true and kind;
And you scarcely miss the city
You have left so far behind.

It was in the gladsome summer,
When the rustic breezes glide,
That I first had made a visit
To the pretty town of Clyde.
How the waving trees impressed me,
As I trod the grass so green,
And I really thought I never
Had a fairer village seen.

Though the evening shadows gathered,
Ere our steps we did retrace,
Yet the vision tarried with me,
Of that lovely, tranquil place;
And I wondered why most people,
In some crowded place subside,
When the air is pure and plenty,
In the pretty town of Clyde.

If the townsfolk would awaken,
And build more homes so sweet,
What a glorious approbation,
In the springtime they would meet,
When the budding trees invite us
From the summer heat to hide,
You would see the city moving
To the pretty town of Clyde.

TRIFLES.

It takes but little for to make
This world a scene of strife,
And thwart the trifles which might give
True pleasure in this life.

It is not always greatest deeds
Which doth disturbance give;
It is not always riches that
Doth make life sweet to live. -

Sometimes the smallest trifles doth
Torture the worst of all;
Sometimes the greatest pleasures may
Embitter life with gall.

Could we but know how trifles oft
Doth blight the future's dream,
Which might perhaps if cheered along
Amid the world gleam.

CHARLIE.

ONCE Charlie was a little boy,
And no one seemed to know,
That he like all the other chaps
Would some day larger grow.

Then Charlie had a brother,
A winsome little elf,
Who by two years was older
And much larger than himself.

And Charlie had a sister,
A maid the fairest maybe,
But she by years was older;
And he was called the baby.

And so the years went passing
With all their changeable wile;
And our gallant little Charlie
Kept growing all the while.

At last there came another
Darling baby fair and sweet,
Who regarded little Charlie,
As quite a clever feat.

Now Charlie has a mother;
And his mother has a friend;
And the friend, she has a daughter,
But this is not the end.

For the friend a home has purchased
In a suburb far away,
And invited out our Charlie
For to often spend a day.

And our hero ever faithful
To friendship's tender thrall,
Will oft upon his distant friends
In the far-off village call.

But of this rhyming nonsense
I now must make an end,
And tell something about him
Which love and pleasure blend.

For Charlie is a good boy,
And not afraid to do
Kind acts for friend or neighbor,
Which shows his heart is true.

He proves himself so manly;
Bad comrades will not heed,
And gives his widowed mother,
The love her heart doth need.

God bless our thoughtful Charlie,
And may he ever be
A mother's joy and comfort;
And noble manhood see.

FOUNDERED AT SEA.

THE storm was fierce, the night was cold,
The breakers rose and fell;
And through the silent midnight hours,
One thought did with them dwell,
As they plowed the foaming waters
Of the mighty deep,
While in the cabin tranquilly
The passengers did sleep,

Unconscious of the awful doom,
Which pending o'er them hung,
While anguish from the sailors' hearts
Through every hour was wrung.
My God, we'll founder in the deep,
At length the mate did say,
We'll meet perhaps a watery grave
Before the break of day.

Aghast each man stood at his post,
Nor would they dare to shrink,
For buoyed they were with iron wills
To save, or else to sink.
Stricken then with awful terror,
Lest the sleeping ones should wake,
They breathed a prayer within their hearts,
"Save us Lord, for Jesus' sake."

Out spoke the captain's voice at length,
"My men, look all below,

And in His name who guideth all
With earnest might we'll go."
But hard against them beat the storm
As with a demon's power,
While they plowed the fearful deep
For full a dreary hour.

But all in vain their efforts were,
She sprung a leak at last,
And to the mercy of the waves
The precious freight was cast.
While frightened babes in terror cried,
And parents sought in vain
To save the lives which were to them
More valued than earth's gain.

"Be quick, my men, the lifeboats man,
Strive all you can to save,"
These orders, in a firm voice,
The gallant captain gave;
Boat after boat was dashed away,
Upon the billows high,
Amid the shrieking of them all
And agonising cry.

But as each load was cast away
Upon that angry sea,
They sank there never more to rise,
Yea, never more to be.
The captain brave stood at his post,
Till lo, there came the cry

“ O God, we’re sinking in the deep,
Lord, save us ere we die.”

Amid the surging of the waves,
Which seemed like conquering glee,
The captain and his precious freight,
Perished in the sea.
For not a soul was left to tell
Of gallant ship or crew,
As not a single trace was left,
And not a creature knew
The records of that fearful night,
Which ended many a life,
And brought them all to meet their doom
Amid such awful strife.

A floating bottle bore the news,
That caused us all to see,
Through sympathy, the precious ship,
That foundered in the sea.

LOVE'S REQUEST.

LIFE is so short, then why let weeds,
Invade the road we tread;
Now pluck the thorns from out my path
And strew with flowers instead.
May friendship’s tendrils still entwine,
As they have in the past,
And as true friends may we both reach
The heavenly port at last.

THE DEAR OLD COLLEGE HALL.

MEMORIES OF CHICAGO FEMALE COLLEGE.

OFTEN o'er my heart comes stealing
Longings that I cannot tell,
For some friend now gone forever,
That I once had loved so well;
And there comes to me a yearning
For to see them one and all,
As I did in days departed,
In the dear old college hall.

How our paths in life have widened,
Each to take her chosen way,
Yet no doubt some one is thinking,
As perhaps I think to-day,
Of the dreams not yet perfected,
Which came not, as willed by all,
When we planned a cloudless sunset,
In the dear old college hall.

And their forms loom up before me,
I can think I see them there,
Those true-hearted, earnest teachers;
And our noble Doctor Thayer.
Death has claimed the good professor,
Changeful years we now recall,
Since the days when last we gathered
In the dear old college hall.

DEATH AT "THE IROQUOIS."

A terrible conflagration occurred in the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, December 30th, 1903. A matinee performance of "Bluebeard" was in progress, and the audience was composed chiefly of women and children. When the terrified people tried to escape they found the exit doors locked, and were burned to death. Nearly six hundred persons lost their lives, and as many more were injured or maimed for life.

THE beautiful building was crowded,
With people, both young and old,
From the tiniest tot of a baby,
To those with their fourscore told.
'Twas the end of the Christmas season,
And folks from far and near,
Had thronged into our city,
To join in holiday cheer.

And to this theatre building,
Where many voices cheered,
They filled its every corner
To hear about Bluebeard.
In the midst of the merrymaking,
While hearts were full of glee,
There flashed a spark on their visions,
And what, oh what may it be.

"No cause at all for alarm,"
The gay comedian said,
But people filled with terror,
Rose from their seats, and fled.

For that spark now rose in fury,
And think you, 'twas nothing odd,
While a voice from heaven thundered,
"Prepare to meet thy God."

Then a surging mass of mortals,
Each struggling their life to save,
In their reckless, mad endeavors,
Was digging the quicker a grave.
They fell, were trampled and smothered,
Were burned, and bleeding and sore;
And all in vain were they surging,
Against a fast locked door.

Words cannot depict the picture,
And pen itself would fail,
To tell of the ghastly horror,
Or paint the dying wail.
And who was to blame for the carnage,
The terrible loss of life,
Whereby so many were tortured
Amid such awful strife.

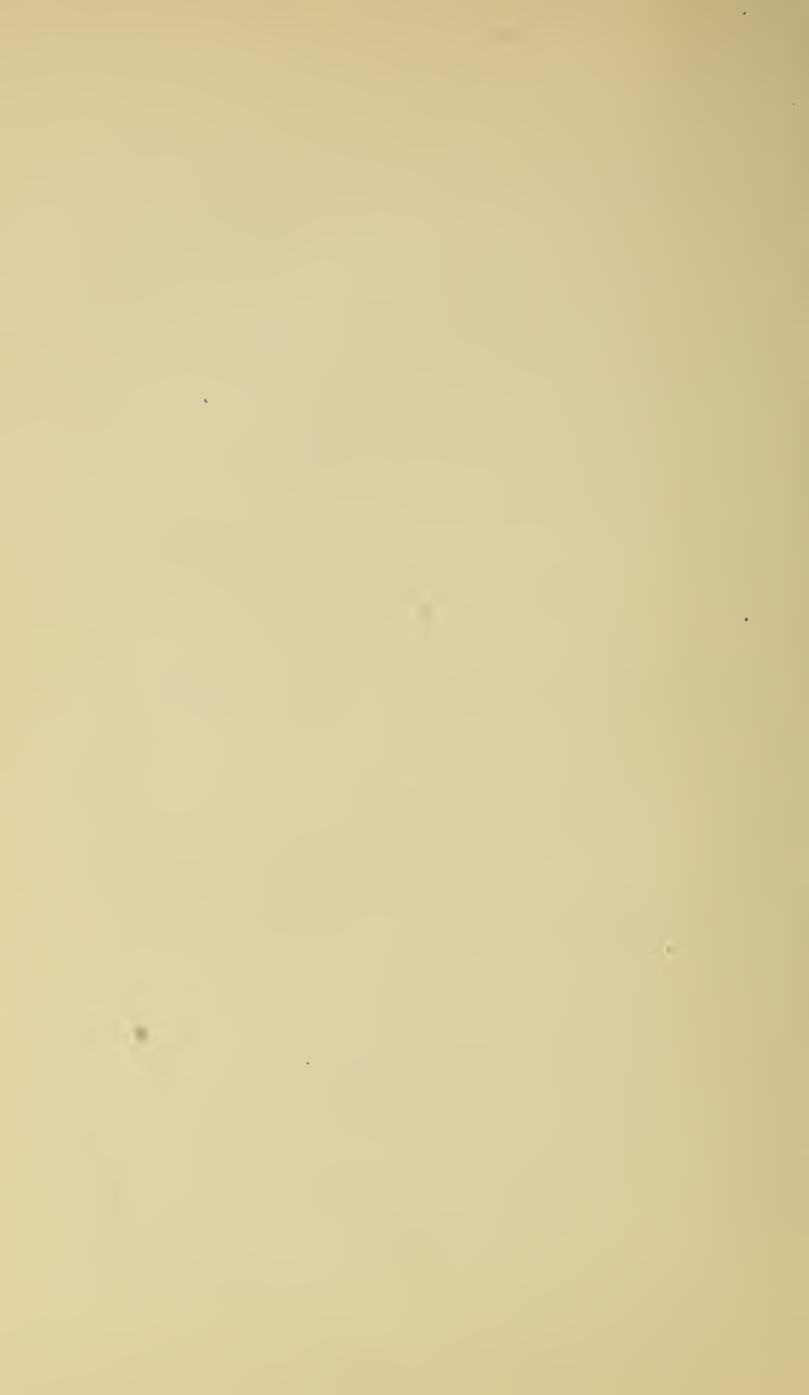
Think of the faces disfigured,
When that terrible blaze was o'er,
Think of the strong rendered helpless,
And the feet that will walk no more
Think of the suff'ring inflicted
On victims of that fatal play
For death did not come to the rescue
Of all who were injured that day

Mortal, "Prepare to meet thy God,"
This message is sounding to-day;
Oh be prepared to meet your God,
When He comes to call you away.
If it be in a theatre building,
What think you the Lord will say—
Come home to the life eternal?
Or, Perish for endless day?

All conditions His mercy will cover,
We must leave it for God to do;
'Tis not given for us to judge
Of His wisdom just and true.
For the great all-father knows us,
And reads the inmost heart,
While man's most perfect judgment
Is but external art.

The solemn rites are over now,
The loved ones laid away,
And silent graves their story tell
Of hearts that once were gay.
Oh, what a dread catastrophe,
Which did fond hopes destroy,
And long the echoes will repeat:
Death at "the Iroquois."

ADDITIONAL POEMS



IN MEMORIAM

OF MY DEAR FATHER, R. M. PEARE, WHO WENT TO MEET MY BELOVED
MOTHER, MARCH 21, 1906, AGED 82 YEARS

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy
Lord forever."

IN the early calm of the morning,
At his dear Lord's behest,
An angel of mercy came hovering,
Down from the land of the blest.
And folding its noiseless pinions
Around our father dear,
Bore him away to the mansions
That knoweth no parting tear.

At the gate of the city stood waiting
Our mother, her loved one to greet,
And I think I can see them advancing
Together, their Saviour to meet.
While the welcome-home is sounding,
These words now float to me,
From where father and mother are sharing
The joys of eternity.

"Well done, beloved, enter in
The rest so well deserved,
For thou hast very faithful been,
And long the Master served."
Now no longer weak and helpless
He walks the golden shore,
And with our angel mother
Shall dwell for evermore.

**THE IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE
HORROR.**

See also page 114.

I AM going to tell you a story,
'Tis one that is grewsome with woe,
But while I am trying to relate it
To many a grave you must go;
Graves that outnumber six hundred,
Graves of the mother and child,
Graves that are hiding fond faces,
Which death from cruel torture beguiled.
Graves of the youth and the aged,
Graves of the teacher and friend,
Graves in such magnitude telling
Of anguish beyond all amend.

Hearts that were young and rejoicing,
And faces once fair to behold;
People of wealth and profession,
This terrible carnage enfold.
The pulse of the maid and the lover,
Stilled in the long, endless night,
Great God, will the people who caused it,
Be ever regarded as right?

Think of the poor, tortured bodies,
Hidden beneath the cold ground;
Think of the tears falling daily
For homes that can never be found.
Whole families blistered and burned,
Were victims of that fatal play,
And many a stricken relation,
Is frenzied by anguish to-day.

Yet they want to re-open that building,
For thoughtless spectators to tread,
And trample in daily remembrance
The hearts of the innocent dead,
For who with sensations called human,
Would go where such havoc was wrought,
And listen to folly and nonsense,
With never a sensible thought
Of how seats, upon which they were sitting
Had scenes of cremation beheld,
And the stage upon which they were gazing
Had once with death's agony swelled;
Where mortals were fleeing in terror,
From blistering fire and smoke,
Where fast locked doors were entrapping,
And horrors of death did envoke.

Yet they want to re-open that building,
And raise there a monument bold
To tower in cruel defiance,
Of all that has often been told.
In this land of Christian kindness,
Is there a heart so cold
Who would such a vaunted outrage
On hapless dead uphold?
Would Chicago, so grand and noble,
In her many deeds of right,
Thus tolerate the harboring
Of such a grewsome sight?

NOT LOST.

Not lost, that burning tear you shed,
While treading o'er some thorny way,
Not lost, that effort great you made
While trying not to go astray.
Not lost, that short but earnest prayer
You uttered all alone;
Not lost, that kindly act you did—
They all for much atone.

Ah no, dear ones, they are not lost,
The blessed Saviour knows
Our heart's deep anguish, and the weight
Of all our earthly woes.
He suffered much and understands
How great our trials be,
The "Man of Sorrows" trod a path
Of deeper grief than we.

Not lost, oh no, it could not be,
He counts the sparrow's fall,
There's naught too small his love to hide,
When we upon Him call.
Then think not thus, when sad at heart,
'Tis lost the good we do,
The Saviour will reward us all,
For deeds both good and true.

DECORATION DAY THOUGHTS.

WHILE the heroes of warfare are honored,
By flowers being strewn on each grave,
There comes to my mind's eye a vision
Of heroes as trusty and brave.
Two forms in a graveyard sleeping,
Beneath the green grass you may see,
'Tis a father and mother as faithful
As ever two mortals could be.
They valiantly fought in life's battle,
With courage that dreaded no night,
And laid down their sceptres when called,
With the conqueror's knowledge of right.

And so when a flower you are placing,
Upon graves of heroes who fell
In the din and excitement of warfare,
Just think of the tale that I tell,
Of the dear ones no history has favored
With records of some reckless fame,
And yet how their true hearts are mould'ring
In graves well deserving a name.

God bless the dear soldiers, I love them,
Of the army and navy are mine,
And yet, in the quiet home circle
True heroes as noble oft shine.

Oh, long may brave patriots honor
The boys for their country who fell,
But when you are paying them tribute,
Pray, remember the others as well.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of the depth of woe,
Or the demon of dark despair,
Which lurks behind a smiling face
That looks to the world so fair,

'Tis a poor and weakly nature
That shows to the world its woe,
And totters along life's highway,
With footsteps feeble and slow.

For the brave and truly courageous
Know how to hide the dart,
That stained by the blood of battle,
Lies buried in the heart.

Then conquer the fate that would crush you,
And smother the rising sigh,
We know not our power of endurance,
Until we are forced to try.

Thus we cannot judge by appearance,
Nor measure the weight of a blow,
And oft by expressing opinions
We're proving how little we know.

THE OLD SCOTCH CHURCH.

Sangamon and Adams Streets, Chicago

THE old Scotch Church, so dear to me,
Neglected stands to-day,
And those who go to worship there
Could never guess the way
It used to swell with honest pride
When might and power held sway,
When young Chicago's foremost men
Assembled in her halls,
And those who truly worshiped God,
Were hidden by her walls;
The church where often father dear,
Expounded words of truth,
The church where faithful mother taught
Our steps to tread in youth.

The old Scotch Church, so dear to me
Where I was all in all,
And when I used to speak or sing,
Oh, how I can recall
The earnest hearts that gave me cheer,
The kindly words they said,
The blessings that the elders showered
Upon my youthful head.

The old Scotch Church, so dear to me,
Where youths their love did tell,
The dear old church, where once for me,
Did peal the wedding bell,

The church where we our infant brought,
And she received her name.
Though other churches I have loved
They do not seem the same.

The old Scotch Church, so dear to me,
Oh, must her walls decay,
And all the true and beautiful,
Be swept by time away?
The faithful few who still remain,
Recite her happy past,
And time-worn pews could stories tell
That would forever last.
Oh must those memories fade away,
And dear things be forgot;
Will no one reach a hand to save,
To me, that sacred spot.

The old Scotch Church, so dear to me,
For her I plead and pray,
That God will send a helping hand
To bid the structure stay,
Or raise upon its very site
Stone walls that will endure,
To be a lasting monument,
Of noble, good and pure.
And may the children of those men
Look on with righteous pride;
While children's children tell the tale,
That in loyal hearts abide.

ILL MATED.

BOTH minister's daughter and minister's wife,
Yet fitted for neither was she,
For she longed for the world and its glittering lore
And never contented could be.
Of her beautiful face and her form, thought she,
'Twere a pity to make a recluse,
When the world was waiting to give her applause
If she but her fetters cut loose.

The church and her home were a drudge and a bore,
She longed to show her sweet face,
And hear from the world the plaudits she craved
For beauty, and talents, and grace.
And dear little woman, who'd blame her for that
For life is so short at its best,
I would not condemn her for wishing to show
That she with rich talents was blest.

But oh, I condemn her for wedding a man
So churchly, so good and sincere,
When she knew in her heart that she never could be
As required of a dame in that sphere.
To show to the world her beauty and power
Should rightly her privilege be,
But the duty she owed to the man she had wed,
She has surely had time to see.

There is many a woman demurely serene,
And fit for a minister's wife—
What a pity that people ill mated should be
While treading the journey of life.

The noble professor whose heart is so true
To duty and goodness and right,
Might have found in this world a life-mate to help
And see things as seen by his light.

AWFULLY ONE-SIDED.

WHEN you're rich, and hale and hearty,
And have cash and time to give,
You will find a crowd around you,
With suggestions how to live.

If you plan a yachting party
In the good old summer time,
How your friends will gather round you
And proclaim you very fine.

They will help you spend your money,
Drink your health, and sing your praise,
Till the world seems full of sunshine,
And you see no dreary days.

How they all will gather round you,
While the money you supply,
But as soon as it has vanished,
You'll have time to heave a sigh.

Few there are who rally round us
When our day of joy is past,
Few there are who come to cheer us
In the winter's chilly blast.

THE BLACK RIVER.

South Haven, Mich.

COME with me to the land of dreams,
South Haven by the lake,
And in some ever ready launch
A river trip we'll take,
Where winds a stream for miles along
By banks of richest green,
And peeping through the summer grass
The lovely flowers are seen.
In pensive mood I've wandered there,
And blessed the gracious Giver,
For hand of man could never carve,
The picturesque Black river.

Oh, why they call that river black,
Can not be solved by me,
For never could an artist paint
A sight more fair to see.
Nor songster sing or poet dream
Of what that spot might be,
And language too, would fail to tell,
You must its beauties see.
And even while these lines I write,
My eager soul doth quiver,
For pen or tongue could ne'er describe
The picturesque Black river,

So when the summer beckons you
From sultry days away,

To this fair spot you must repair
To prove the words I say.
Where birds will sing and trees will wave
And trouble seems to flee,
And happy people gaily laugh,
And life seems full of glee.
If even for a little while,
We cease from care to shiver,
I really think we ought to bless
The picturesque Black river.

RIVER OF TIME.

OH, river of time, waft me on with thy tide,
The torrents are dashing so mad at my side;
I hear the low murmur of waters below,
Oh, help me to gain the fair haven I know.

Oh, river of time, how relentless you flow,
Although of my anguish and terror you know;
But yet, even now, not a step I'd retrace,
Press onward! I cry, in life's chilly race.

Oh, river of time. how delightful 'twill be,
When I anchor at last by the clear, crystal sea;
Where no storm will frown, nor ambition annoy,
And all will be peace without any alloy.

Oh, river of time, till then give me power,
To bravely press on, though dark be the hour;
May the noise of thy billows roar louder and high,
To dry every tear, and drown every sigh.

THE REV. MORRILL TWINS.

Who built their place of worship in the shape of a ship, and called it
"The Gospel Ship."

HAVE you heard of the gospel ship
That sailed the prairies vast,
And here and there, though crude in way
Some precious seed was cast.
Have you heard of those men who guided
The people from their sins?
Perhaps you guess I'm speaking
Of the manly Morrill twins.

There were real nice [?] folks to question
Their mode of doing well,
But many came to listen,
To what they had to tell.
At eventide their voices rose
To call men from their sins,
For they were earnest preachers,
The manly Morrill twins.

Oh, for the crudest manner,
To tell the truth divine,
Not like the polished preacher,
Who uses language fine,
And talks to please his hearers,
Forgetting hell and sins;
Why don't they preach the gospel
Like the manly Morrill twins?

For people still are human,
As in the days gone by,
The God who punished Pharoah
Still reigns beyond the sky,
And wont forget to punish,
White lies and blacker sins,
As told in days departed,
By the manly Morrill twins.

But sad, oh sad, the parting,
When one was called away,
To dwell in joy immortal,
In realms of endless day.
God bless the one remaining,
Who still may favor win,
For God will bless the teaching
Of the manly Morrill twin.

Alone he treads the places
Where once their footsteps went,
When hand and heart united
Upon their mission bent.
March on, oh faithful soldier,
Break down the ranks of sin,
Till God shall call thee hence,
To join thy brother twin.

BECAUSE I LOVE HER.

A TREACHEROUS hand in friendship's guise,
Has snatched my child from me,
And now in sickness sad distress,
Her face I seldom see.
But though dark clouds around me roll,
And storms may fiercer grow—
I know she will come back to me,
Because I love her so.

Her pictures on my walls still hang,
They're all that's left to me,
Of my once bright and loving child,
Who promised much to be.
But though my eyes with tears are dim,
My heart with hope doth glow—
I know she will come back to me,
Because I love her so.

I often think o'er years gone by,
When she was all my own,
And wonder when I am to reap
The seeds that I have sown.
But though in sorrow's depths I wade,
And weak through waiting grow—
I know she will come back to me,
Because I love her so.

TWO BROTHERS.

ONE from birth was strong and bright
And did attention claim,
While the other sickness overtook,
And forever lost his aim.

One has health, renown and wit,
And friends both young and gay,
While the other unknown to fame must live
And tread his dreary way.

One has fingers nimble and quick,
Which oft wrought works of art,
Of the other, poor soul, no one relates
A deed considered smart.

The one can live for himself and love,
With a wife and child and gold,
While the other upon his father waits,
Who is helpless, feeble and old.

When the beautiful gates ajar shall ope,
To let those brothers through,
Which think you the greater reward shall win
For deeds both good and true?

Since this poem was written the father referred to has gone to his long rest, and the lonely son has been forsaken by his only, and well-to-do brother.

THE COST OF AMBITION,

SHALL the victor's glad triumph be mine,
Or am I to sink in despair
Amid groanings of "what might have been,"
And signs of defeat everywhere?

I have tried, with courage like David,
My mind, like a Sampson, is strong,
And though lacking in bodily vigor,
With patience, like Job, waited long.

And while in seclusion, I reckon
The price that ambition may cost,
Yet onward I press, crying somewhere,
And sometime, it will not be lost:

Though it be when my pen has ceased rhyming,
And my tongue its last word may have said;
Or my mind, with its maddening ambition,
Is numbered with those who are dead.

For some people whom history now honor,
And whose precepts in true splendor gleen,
Have often been passed on life's journey,
And thought they had scarcely been seen.

So I feel that my words will be treasured,
That my name will be honored some way;
But it is for the longing to hear it
My lone heart is aching to-day.

LINES

Written to a Minister on his leaving the clergy to become
a Medical Doctor.

WILT thou comfort mind and body?
Preacher, seeming kind and true,
Has the Lord the callings given,
In professions claimed by you?

If you come to heal the wounded,
And to aching hearts bring cheer,
And o'er darkened lives shed sunshine,
Then the Lord hath sent your here.

There are hearts o'erflowing with sorrows,
Near, so near your very door;
May to you the power be given,
To sooth their anguish o'er and o'er.

May to you the power be given
To see the wrong from right,
May not whining hypocrites
Seem as righteous in your sight.

Sides there are, oft very many,
To the stories that are told,
May you noble be in purpose,
With decision true and bold.

Never shrink to blame the guilty,
Nor the right to laud and praise,
And the aid you give to mortals
Will evoke the Master's praise.

MY ONLY CHILD, DO NOT FORGET.

My only child, do not forget
When you were very young,
Through many weary, sleepless nights,
'Twas Mother to you sung.
Through years of restless babyhood,
She, faithful, to you clung,
And soothed you by her lullabys,
As could no other's tongue.
Remember that the seeds were sown
Way back in early years,
Were nourished by a Mother's prayers,
And watered with her tears.
Remember how each wayward step
Was guided to the right;
No one but faithful Mother could
Possess such powerful sight.

My only child, do not forget,
How long seemed day and night;
Before my heart could realize,
You understood the right.
Oh, who but God will ever know
The anguish and despair,
I've suffered since you went away,
Beyond my watchful care.
Remember, what folks now admire,
Is my sweet rose-bud fair,

The maiden as she is to-day,
With many talents rare.
And when they give you lavish praise,
Just think of Mother, dear,
Who planted in your heart the good,
The noble and sincere.

My only child, do not forget
The precepts I have taught,
And which you thought were too severe,
And oft against had fought.
But when the coming years may bring
Some laurels to your name,
Remember, Mother sowed the seeds
Which ought to bring you fame.
Then comprehend, oh daughter dear,
The one unselfish heart
That by the ties of motherhood
Is of your life a part.
Remember when at last I pass
Beyond the billows, wild,
That only death could make me cease
To love my only child.

A THOUGHT.

MAN, God's grandest handiwork,
Wilt thou not worthy be
Of all the noble attributes,
Thy Maker willed to thee?

THE HEART'S FIRST LOVE.

THERE is none so dear as the heart's first love,
Though the years may drift along,
And bring with them true hearts as brave
To sing the same old song.
Yet memory clings to that dear first love,
When our hearts were, oh, so young,
And the earnest words of love's sweet hope,
That from daring lips were flung.

There is none so dear as the heart's first love,
When in after-years we think
Of the faithful mind no craft could mar,
While maturer natures shrink.
Oh, give me the blush of the fair, young rose,
And the youth with his impulse true,
I would tie them fast in the gordian knot,
That time can ne'er undo.

There is none so dear as the heart's first love,
And our thoughts will backward turn,
While oft some memory fans to life
The embers that still burn—
For those dead loves will not buried stay,
No matter how hard we try,
Too oft a vision of what might have been
Across our paths will fly,

There is none so dear as the heart's first love,
 Yet the world moves on its way,
And the same sweet words that in youth we heard
 Are being repeated to-day.
Then prize not lightly the youthful love,
 Though a Romeo not you be ;
There are Juliets yet to charm the heart,
 If we could but rightly see.

There is none so dear as the heart's first love,
 Like a sunset's lovely glow,
And naught but death can the thought erase,
 When once such joy you know.
Oh men with hearts as hard as steel,
 By circumstances turned,
Remember how once the flame of love,
 Within your own hearts burned.

There is none so dear as the heart's first love,
 And if you may wedded be
To the first fair face that smote your heart,
 You can then my logic see.
But if with time you have drifted along,
 To the side of as worthy a mate,
Yet a siren voice will anon repeat,
 "First love is the love of Fate."

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